

CRACKAJACK

CRACKAJACK

CRACKAJACK Funnies

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THE FAMOUS
FIGHTING
COWBOY

10¢
No. 9



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DAN DUNN

SECRET
OPERATIVE 48
BY
NORMAN MAKSH



DAN DUNN

SECRET OPERATIVE 48
BY
NORMAN MARSH



DAN DUNN

SECRET
OPERATIVE 418
BY
NORMAN MARSH



DAN DUNN

SECRET
OPERATIVE 48
BY
NORMAN MARSH



Continued Next Month



RED RYDER

WHILE ENROUTE TO THE NEAREST TRADING POST WITH AN ORPHANED INDIAN BOY, RED RYDER IS SUDDENLY ATTRACTED BY THE BOOM OF GUNS AS BANDITS SWOOP DOWN ON THE DEVILS HOLE STAGE...

LITTLE BEAVER, RIDE - TRY TO BRINGUM HELP, RED RYDER!

LET'S GO, THUNDER!



I SAID DROP THAT EXPRESS BOK, PRONTO!

YOU YELLOW COYOTE-OM-O-



WATCH 'EM RUN! - RECKON THEY FIGGER I'M A WHOLE POSSE!



TAKE MY HOSS AND GET OUT OF HERE, MISS - THEY'LL BE BACK!

THEY KILLED OLD ZETH, WHO ARE YOU, STRANGER?

RYDER'S THE NAME - FRIENDS CALL ME RED!

I'M BETH WILDER - YOU'VE JUST MADE SOME BAD ENEMIES - RED!



WE'VE BEEN 'TRICKED', THAT WAS ONLY ONE RIDER!

THEN WE'LL GO BACK AND GET THAT EXPRESS BOK - AND SETTLE HIS HASH!

MEANWHILE:

UM - THERE'S MINERS SHACK! MAYBE THEY COME HELP - LITTLE BEAVER GO SEE!

DEVIL GANG STOP STAGE - KILL DRIVER - MAYBE THEY KILL WHITE SQUAW AND COWBOY, TOO!

GRAB YOUR SHOOTIN' IRONS AND FIGHT 'FORE HASS, BOYS!





CONTINUED



CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



Myra put down the phone and looked apologetically at her admirer, Detective Sergeant Jack Lane. "I can't refuse Doctor Charring, Jack. He's sending his car and wants me to come at once."

"It's all right, Myra," smiled Jack, looking disappointedly at a pair of theater tickets bearing the numbers D12 & D13. "If I were superstitious, I'd blame my tough luck on this seat number 13." With a gesture of resignation he tore the pair of tickets neatly in half and reached out to deposit them in an ash tray. Myra took the pasteboards.

"You shouldn't have done that," she chided gently.

As they reached the sidewalk a large limousine drove up and a uniformed chauffeur stepped down.

Jack Lane watched the big fellow close the door behind Myra and hurry into his driving compartment. Instinctively Lane made a mental note of the license number—N-917. Then he turned and strolled off in the direction of headquarters.

The car had gone several blocks before Myra realized she was still holding the torn theater tickets. She shook her head sadly and thrust the pieces into her uniform pocket.

When the car stopped, a few minutes later, in front of the Rivercrest Arms, an ultra-modern apartment, the big chauffeur roughly shoved a small newsboy away from the car door and hurried Myra into the building.

At suite No. 1007, he rapped a code-like summons with the gilted knocker. The door was opened by a swarthy man wearing an interne's coat.

"Here she is, Doctor!" said the driver pushing Myra forward, gripping her arm none too gently.

"Nice work, Wally!" exclaimed Dr. Leer with a crooked smile. "Come in, Miss North, and prepare for an emergency operation. My patient is too ill to be moved." The patient lay unconscious on an improvised operating table. "He's a collector of guns," explained the doctor. "One of them discharged while he was cleaning it. We can't wait for Doctor Charring, a delay will be fatal!"

Meanwhile at headquarters, Detective Lane learned that Doctor Charring's limousine had been reported stolen and used as an escape car by bandits who had robbed the Fourth National Bank. One of the bandits was wounded and a policeman killed.

Myra was in the hands of gangsters who would kill her

if she discovered their secret! He dashed into the police broadcasting room.

Not far from the Rivercrest Arms, a freckled-faced newsboy paused and listened to a blaring radio. Suddenly the music ceased and an officious voice interrupted the program: "Attention all citizens!" It droned. "The police will appreciate any information regarding a black Rolls town car, chauffeur driven . . . License number N-917 . . . Carrying a woman in nurse's uniform . . . This is a clue to the Fourth National Bank robbery . . ."

The newsboy snapped his fingers and set off at a run. Myra looked up at Doctor Leer. "The patient's pulse has stopped, Doctor!"

He dropped his scalpel and darted across the room to open the door from behind which she had heard muffled voices and the sound of a radio during the unsuccessful operation. Myra could see several hard-looking men.

"The Boss is dead!" shouted Doctor Leer. "What'll we do now?" As if in answer the radio program suddenly ceased and they heard the announcement that had sent the freckled-faced newsboy scampering off to police headquarters.

"We gotta get rid o' that dame," snarled Wally. "She knows too much!"

"But we can't make a get away in the Rolls," said another. "It's too hot!"

"I've got an idea!" cried Doctor Leer thumbing through a telephone directory. "Tie her up! I'll call a private ambulance. We can overpower the attendants and carry her and the money out on the stretcher!"

Fifteen minutes later Doctor Leer admitted the stretcher bearers and well-aimed blackjacks sent them crumpling to the floor. Then the gangsters quickly stripped them of their uniforms and loaded Myra, bound and gagged, on the stretcher along with the stolen money.

Just as the ambulance was pulling away Jack Lane riding in a squad car with his raiding party arrived. They started into the apartment but Lane stopped them. He had noticed a pink scrap of cardboard fall from the stretcher. He picked it up and stared at its printed surface—Half of a theater ticket bearing the number D-13!

"There goes our gang!" he shouted indicating the retreating ambulance. "Come on."

Near the edge of town he cornered the fleeing bandits. Jack's sudden discovery of their move completely surprised them and they fell easy victims to the police . . .



Continued on Next Page

FRECKLES and HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser



Freckles AND HIS Friends

BY BLOSSER



Freckles AND HIS Friends

BY BLOSSER



CRACKES AND HIS Friends



Continued Next Month

Major Hoople



SPEED BOLTON AIR ACE

SPEED BOLTON OPERATING AN AIR LINE IN SOUTH CHINA HAS BEEN HIRED TO FLY A STRANGE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF DR. WU AND A YOUNG CHINESE BOY TO CHU-MING, TIBET—MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE SURROUNDS THE FLIGHT AS SPEED WINGS INTO THE NORTHWEST—!

SOMETHING ODDER ABOUT THAT BUNCH BACK IN THE CABIN SHORTY! KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!



SAYS SHE'S A NEWS PAPER WRITER AND I'LL MAKE TROUBLE IF WE DON'T LET HER MAKE THE TRIP AS HOSTESS



YOU'RE THE SECOND ONE THAT'S FORCED THEIR WAY INTO THIS TRIP—FIRST MAJOR EGAN—NOW YOU WHY?



EGAN! GOOD GRIEF DOES DR. WU KNOW

WHO IS EGAN? WHO IS DR. WU, AND WHO IN THE HECK ARE YOU?



I'M SALLY LEE, A NEWSWOMAN. EGAN IS THE CROOKED-EST MAN IN THE ORIENT AND DR. WU IS—

WELL, DR. WU ISN'T IMPORTANT—IT'S THAT CHINESE BOY WITH HIM. THAT'S PRINCE CHANG-LI YOU'RE FLYING HIM TO TIBET TO BECOME EMPEROR OF THE KINGDOM OF THE SKY!



HOLY CATS! WHERE DO YOU FIT IN?

I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'RE NOT GOING TO REACH CHU-MING AND I WANT TO SEE IT HAPPEN—DO I RIDE OR TAKE A PARACHUTE?



FORCE DOWN BOLTON'S TRANSPORT! EGAN'S ORDERS

EASY! I CAN FLY RINGS AROUND HIM WITH THIS JOB!



MEANWHILE AT AN EMERGENCY FIELD AHEAD!

SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE

SALLY LEE, THE SHIP'S HOSTESS, OR WU--IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

A WOMAN / ON THIS JOURNEY SHE SHOULD NOT HAVE COME, BUT NOW IT IS TOO LATE!

THAT FACE... SOMEWHERE I HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE. PRINCE CHANG-UI!

SHE SEEMS NICE, FRIENDLY. HARMLESS... DR. WU!

COUNT NO MAN OR WOMAN HARMLESS OR A FRIEND UNTIL THEY HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES MY SON.



I WOULD GO WATCH SPEED BOLTON FLY THIS PLANE... I TRUST HIM!



I KNOW I'M AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER, DR. WU, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE PRETTY HOSTESS MAKE COFFEE FOR ME.



YES, BUT BE CAREFUL, MAJOR EGAN. MY MEN HAVE ORDERS TO SHOOT YOU IF YOU MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE...

WELL, MISS LEE, WE MEET AGAIN!

DON'T GIVE ME AWAY, MAJOR EGAN. I WON'T INTERFERE WITH YOUR PLANS!



YOU'RE TOO LATE, FOR THAT, MISS LEE, CHEERIO



SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE

BETTER GRAB A CHUTE AND FOLLOW ME IF YOU EXPECT TO WRITE A STORY OF THIS FLIGHT, MISS LEE!



AN INSTANT LATER EGAN BAILS OUT



WHILE TO THE NORTH A FIGHTING SHIP RACES TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS...

SPEED! EGAN'S BAILED OUT! SOMETHING IS DUE TO HAPPEN TO THIS SHIP--AND SOON!



TAKE OVER SHORTY--DR. WU MAY KNOW WHAT'S UP!

MAJOR EGAN HAS BAILED OUT. WHY?

GONE! GET TO YOUR CONTROLS-- WE MAY BE ATTACKED ANY MOMENT!



SHORTY! GET OUT THE TOMMY GUN--WE MAY HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!



SPEED BOLTON • AIR ACE



CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



MAJOR HOOPLE

Major Hoople stood looking out at the driving rain . . . He flicked the ash from his cigar and moved, sleepily toward an old leather sofa.

"This rain will, at least, keep the bill collectors away," he mused. "Now for a quiet afternoon of rest."

Martha, duster in hand barred his way. "Just a minute, Ambitious!" she scowled. "Before you spin your cocoon and hibernate on that sofa take this broom and clean out the attic, you postponed that job for a rainy day!"

"Sputt—spitt—Egad, Woman! Era . . . " But before the Major could concoct an elaborate excuse, Martha steered him toward the attic stairs . . . up in the attic Major Hoople made a few ineffectual passes with the unwelcome broom. . .

"Cough, cough—hummm . . . this reminds me of the great dust storm—while I was prospecting in Patagonia . . . swinging my pick in pay-dirt. Say what's this?" He stooped to examine what appeared to be a very old trunk. "Hm—I don't recall this heirloom! Let me see . . . "

Carefully he opened the lid. "Egad, this is, indeed, a relic of the ancient past!" he rummaged deep into the musty contents and dragged out a sheaf of loose yellow papers . . . Then for a moment Major Hoople stood staring breathlessly at the topmost sheet . . . "By the blood of my piratical ancestors, this is a treasure chest!"

That very afternoon in the office of the Neptune Salvage Co. Major Hoople confided his startling discovery to Captain Noah. . .

"Interesting, indeed, Major Hoople," admitted Captain Noah examining the crude map. "For my assistance and use of my salvage equipment you're offering me a fifty percent share of this treasure. Is that right?"

Hoople, with the tip of his cane, was trying to roll a cigar butt, inconspicuously, within his reach. . . "Umf—kaff—kaff—er I said fifteen percent—but why quibble over trifles there will be plenty of millions! When do we start?"

Captain Noah leaned close to Major Hoople. "Instantly, Major!" He whispered excitedly. "We must wait not a moment."

Several days later on board the salvage boat Captain Neptunus Noah turned to his fellow treasure hunter, Major Hoople.

"Glad you've come out on deck, Major," he greeted. "You've been in your cabin ever since we left New York . . . Not sea sick I hope."

"Captain you belittle me! Mal de mer has never sullied the Hoople escutcheon!"

The old captain shook his head. "I have some very bad news. Your treasure lies far beyond the reach of our divers. . . "

The Major grinned. "A Hoople is always alert to the most exciting emergency! While locked in my cabin I invented a new diving suit. Come now, call your crew to make ready and lend a hand!"

At this instant the lookout called: "Ship ahoy!" And Captain Noah snatched up his telescope.

"It's a pirate vessel," he cried. "She's flying a black flag!"

"No time to lose," said Hoople donning his new type diving suit. "Hold off the pirates while I go after the treasure!"

In a minute he was being lowered over the side. Down, down, into the cold dark depths . . . Pressure increased and crushed in from all side but the gallant Major finally made his way into the ancient hull. He spotted the iron bound treasure-chest and rolled it into a chain net which had been sent down.

Then, without warning a gigantic black shadow blotched out the light. Instinctively Major Hoople reached for his dagger and looked up to see a ninety-foot swordfish charging him!

He side stepped and reached out and clutched a pectoral fin, clinging tightly as the submarine terror rose in an effort to shake off this strange aggressor.

"I'll guide him, with the point of my trusty dagger!" exclaimed Major Hoople now in command of the situation. "I'll head him right for the hull of that pirate ship!"

Captain Noah and his crew were amazed to see the pirate ship lurch suddenly. In a few seconds it sank with out a trace. . .

"Major Hoople's been killed!" cried Captain Noah. "He was clinging to that swordfish!"

"No he ain't!" shouted the mate. "He's over here! cursing his luck . . . That treasure chest was filled with paper money and the salt water's ruined it!"



Boots

BY MARTIN



BOOTS BY MARTIN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN

THANK YOU, MR. GREENS — IT'S JUST THE LETTER I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR



GEE, I'VE SAID IT'S FROM STUFF! I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN AGES



TO GOODNESS SAVES



AM JES SAW MISS BOOTS UPSTAIRS AND HER FACE LOOKED JES LIKE IT WOULD IF SHE PEEKED INTO CASE OF DEM TRICK MIRRORS — ABOUT SO LONG



will be better for you to forget all about me. Let's let bygones be bygones and start all over. I have met an American girl here in Singapore — please try to understand Boots — yesterday we were

STUFF —
MARRIED!



JOHNATHAN JONES, WHOSE BOOTS KNOWS SO FONDLY AS "STUFF" — MARRIED TO AN AMERICAN GIRL IN SINGAPORE. BOOTS HAS READ HIS LETTER OVER AND OVER TO MAKE SURE SHE ISN'T DREAMING —



GEE! IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A SHOCK — ONLY — HE WAS SO SINCERE IN HIS FEELINGS TOWARD ME — AT LEAST I THOUGHT HE WAS — I STILL THINK SO — BUT, NOW — NOW —

OH, I GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER — NOTHING MATTERS



H'LO, CORA! WHERE'S BOOTS?



WHY, SHE'S BEEN IN HER ROOM ALL EVENINGS — SAID SHE DIDN'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE

MIND IF I COME IN, BOOTS?

NO PLEASE DO! LET'S OUCH THE LIGHTS — MIND IF I WANT TO TALK TO YOU





BOOTS by Martin

YOU'VE BEEN UP HERE BY YOURSELF ALL EVENING! IS ANYTHING WRONG?

YES! I GOT A LETTER FROM STUFF, CORA! HE'S MARRIED!

MARRIED? YOU'RE JOKING

NO! IT'S NOT! IT WAS A VERY STRANGE LETTER! SORT OF FORCED! IT SEEMS HE MET AN AMERICAN GLAMOUR GIRL WHO WAS VISITING IN THE ORIENT — AND, OH — YOU KNOW THE REST.

I SUPPOSE IT WAS BOUND TO BE! I CAN UNDERSTAND IN A HURRY — THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY — ALONE — STARTING LIFE ALL OVER — IN A DIFFERENT WORLD — HE JUST SORT OF ACCEPTED LIFE AS HE FOUND IT, AND DECIDED TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

WELL, I NEVER!!

HOWEN, AM NOTICES MISS BOOTS HAS FLOPPED MURPHY STUFF'S PICTURES OUTTA OR FINKIE ON HER DRESSIN' TABLE

REALLY?

DAT MEANS HE AIN'T THE BIG NO MO, HUM?

SHA! HERE SHE COMES, NOW — AND DON'T YOU DARE SAY ANYTHING TO HER ABOUT IT.

BOOTS, DEAR — DOES ANYONE ELSE KNOW ABOUT YOU KNOW?

NO! I'LL HAVE TO TELL THE BUNCH SOMETIME. BUT —

OH, WHY BOTHER? WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT THEM.

WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW HURT ME PLENTY

I DON'T BLAME STUFF — REALLY! IT'S HIS LIFE TO LIVE AS HE ORIGIN PLEASED! IT'S MEN IN GENERAL — THE BIG BUMS — THEY'RE ALL ALIKE — YOU CAN'T BELIEVE A WORD THEY SAY — THEY BUILD YOU UP, AND FLOP —

NEVER AGAIN! I'M GOING TO PUT MY HEART ON ICE AND NEVER TAKE ANOTHER MAN SERIOUSLY AS LONG AS I LIVE, SO HELP ME

FERD? OH! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO KICK OVER AND DREAM UP A MESS OF SWEET NOthings! I WELL, YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME — I'M NOT DATING, AND IF I WERE, I'D — I'D — OH, I'LL SEE YOU LATER ON IN MY LIFE WHEN I'M SO OLD NOTHING WILL MATTER

— AND ANOTHER THING —

TALKING SHOP BY WILLIAMS



HERO'S ARE MADE NOT BORN —



A ROTTEN DAY —

FLAPPER FANNY BY Sylvia



"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SALLY. IT ISN'T POLITE TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH IT COST, BUT IF YOU WANT EXCHANGE IT, YOU CAN GO AS HIGH AS FORTY.... CENTS!....."



"AUNTIE SENDS SWELL PRESENTS, BUT SHE EXPECTS YOU TO THANK HER, FOREVER." "WELL, NOT MANY... PEOPLE ARE ABLE TO GIVE AND... FORGET....."

Continued Next Month

Myra North



Special Nurse
by *land*
RAY THOMPSON
CHARLES COLL



Myra North



Special Nurse
by *land*
RAY THOMPSON
CHARLES COLL



MEANWHILE, CARSON, ABOARD THE LINER, PEESES THOU BACULARA.

AS NIGHT FALLS AGAIN, THE "HESTER" DROPS ANCHOR IN HAWAII'S COVE AND, WITH CAUTION, A SMALL BOAT BEARING SEVERAL FIGURES, HEADS FOR THE HADSOY SHORE.



SOCE NEDCE THE CABIN MYRA QUICKLY DRAPEES CLOTH, OVER THE WINDOW. WHILE DE JASON PROCEEDS TO EXAMINE THE FRETING BABY.



Myra North



Special Nurse

by Jack

RAY THOMPSON
CHARLES COLL



Myra North



Special Nurse
by *and* **RAY THOMPSON**
CHARLES COLL

BACK AT THE LOOK OF CARSON IN THE
PAIN'S AREA, MYRA INSTANTLY REALIZED
RETURN OF DR. JACSON, WITH
NEED OF THE S.I. BARN.



ON THIS MISTRESS
WAITING? IT'S
MADDENING!



EITHER AN OUT OF
THE WAY PLACE.
HUMANUS CODE. DO
YOU LIVE THERE?

YES.

MEANWHILE, THE DOCTOR HAS UNKNOWINGLY
BEGGED A ROLE OF THE REVENGEFUL SHIP'S
OFFICER, HE CARSON, WHO ALSO IS SEARED FOR THE GONE.



YOU HAVEN'T, BY ANY
CHANCE, RUN ACROSS A
SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING
COUPLE DOWN THERE,
WITH TWIN BABIES,
HAVE YOU?

HUM! TWIN
BABIES? IN MY
NO, EE, HERE'S
WHERE I GOT OFF
THANKS FOR THE
RIDE.



I DON'T KNOW WHO
HE CAN BE, BUT I MUST
REACH THE CABIN FIRST.



JIM? WHAT
ON EARTH?

NO TIME FOR
QUESTIONS!
GATHER UP HORSES
AND COME WITH
ME - ALREADY!



WE ONLY JUST
MADE IT, MYRA -
LOOK! BESS THAT
CHAP DRIVING UP
THE ROAD? HE -

WHY,
JIM?



I'LL SWEAR THAT'S
CARSON, THE OFFICER
FROM THAT BIG LANSER I
GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HIM
THRU THE CABIN WINDOW
WHEN HE CAME ALONG
THE "HESTER" TO ARREST
US.

SO, THAT'S IT!
WELL, I'M GOING TO
TEACH THAT WEDD
LESSON FOR
ASSUMING TOO
MUCH AUTHORITY!



BY THIS TIME, CARSON
REACHED THE LITTLE GLADING,
AND CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE CABIN.



JIM! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING TO DO?

JUST BEET THAT OUR
OFFICER'S FRIEND'S
SHOUL LEAVE. IS
PLEASANT ONE. GO
CLIMB INTO HIS CAR,
MYRA.



AND THEN, AS CARSON PEESED THRU
THE TINY WINDOW OF THE CABIN -

LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE,
MR. CARSON!

AS THE
SURPRISED
OFFICER
TURNED,
DR. JACSON
LASHES OUT WITH
SUDDEN
ACCURATE
SHOT
THAT
LANDS
FULLON
ON THE
JIM.



SEE HOW YOU
LIKE THIS OLD-
FASHIONED
"ANES-THETIC" MY
PRIVY FRIEND!



QUICK, MYRA! TO THE
HOSPITAL - WE HAVE TO DO
SOME FAST THINKING NOW!
I'VE LOOKED CARSON IN THE
CABIN, BUT HE'LL RAISE AN
AWFUL FUSS WHEN HE
COMES TO.

Continued Next Month

CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



"Come on, Oscar, let's try those houses down at the end of this street. We still have a couple of hours to raise that half dollar, then we can see 'Speed' Stevens win the game for State. Gee, State College can't lose with him playing."

As they were passing a dingy little barber shop a man with a loud checker suit opened the door and called to them.

"Hey, you kids with the snow shovels, do you want to make a half a buck?"

"Sure!" shouted Freckles. "But your walk is all shoveled, even your driveway around in back."

"Never mind about that kid," he snorted. "I've decided to have it unshoveled—See: I wan'cha to throw this snow back on it. Get the idea? Make a nice even job of it, too. When you've finished come inside and I'll pay you."

Oscar shot a questioning glance at Freckles but seeing his friend start to work he pitched in, this additional fifty-cents was just what they needed, regardless how crazy the task might seem.

When the man had disappeared into the barber shop, Freckles spoke to his companion.

"There's something mighty funny about this," he said, scattering a shovel full of snow across the drive.

"Did you notice, the garage shades are all pulled down. Seems to me he wants it to look like his car hasn't been used since the snow fell."

"Gee, Freckles, did you notice that funny odor back there? A strong smell just like candy. Maybe he has the place loaded with Christmas presents and doesn't want anyone to get wise to it."

Freckles stomped the snow from his shoes and surveyed the finished job. "Yeah, maybe," he agreed. "Come on inside, Oscar, let's collect," he started toward the back door and Oscar followed him.

They found themselves in a dark, almost bare room. Back in one corner stood a public telephone booth occupied by the man who had hired them. Apparently their entrance had been unnoticed by him for he continued his loud monologue into the transmitter.

"Sure," he shouted. "It's a pipe cinch. York College can't lose. The game is in the bag. Bet our \$10,000 against State. Don't worry 'Speed' Stevens won't play in that game today."

Freckles grabbed his friend's arm and led him away from the booth so the man would not suspect them of listening. Then loudly they reapproached.

"Ah," he said, glancing out of the window inspecting their work, "you all finished?" "That's fine!"—Now—I'll either take you both to the football game or give you the fifty-cents I promised—what do you say—?"

Oscar was about to accept the invitation—but Freckles hurriedly answered—"Thanks Mr.—but I—d—I guess we'll just take the fifty-cents." "You're a funny pair," he sneered, handing Freckles a half a dollar.

They had scarcely left the shop when Oscar began to voice his objections. But Freckles silenced him. "Don't be a sap. Oscar, that man is up to something and it isn't on the level! As soon as he leaves for the football game, we're going to find out what's in that garage!"

They deposited their shovels in a snow bank and watched the mysterious man lock up his barber shop, then running quickly across the snow covered drive way they tried the big double doors.

"There's someone in there," cried Freckles, "did you hear that grunting sound?"

He picked up a large stone, and he was about to strike when Oscar halted him.

"Gee, Freckles," he said, "if there isn't anything really wrong going on here, breaking into this man's garage is serious business."

Freckles struck the lock with a resounding blow.

"'Speed' Stevens is in there I am sure of it."

At last the cheap lock snapped and they opened the door. A strong odor of wintergreen became apparent. It seemed to come from a big sedan that stood in the rubbish cluttered interior. Stepping on the running board, they peered inside. There bound and gagged lay the famous 'Speed' Stevens!

In a few moments the towering fullback stood smiling down at them. "I don't know how to thank you kids but come on we haven't much time for it anyway. The first thing for us to do is to put the police on that crook's trail. Then you fellows are coming to the football game with me."

"How in the world did you know I was in there?"

"We thought it was funny when that man wanted us to throw snow on his driveway," explained Freckles. "Then Oscar smelled the wintergreen liniment that you football players always use, he thought it was candy. . . . We heard the barber talking to someone on the telephone and he told them to bet ten thousand dollars on York College—That you weren't going to play in the game."

"You're clever boys," laughed 'Speed' patting them on the back.

BUCK JONES

and the
BANDITS OF
DEAD MAN'S GULCH

JAMES
SAY

AS SHERIFF OF ARIZONA, BUCK JONES IS TRYING TO LOCATE THE CANYON HIDE-OUT OF THE "WOLF GANG", A BAND OF DESPERADOS THAT HAVE BEEN TERRORIZING HIS DISTRICT. BUCK RECEIVED AN UNSIGNED LETTER ADVISING HIM TO MEET THE WRITER IN TWENTY-BRANCH CANYON.



BUCK JONES

and the
BANDITS OF
DEAD MAN'S GULCH

by JAMES CARY



BUCK JONES

and the
BANDITS OF
DEAD MAN'S GULCH

JAMES
GARY

by



A FEW MINUTES LATER IN FRONT
OF BUCK'S OFFICE

BUCK JONES

and the
BANDITS OF
DEAD MAN'S GULCH

JAMES
GARY

INSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE BUCK TAKES IT OVER
WITH BIG LARS LARSON HIS DEPUTY.
"I'LL BET BY OUR GUNS
LOCK MAZE IS AT THE
BOTTOM OF THIS, LARS."

"AY TANK SO TOO, BUT
HE BANE HAVE NO PLUGGED
HAND, BUCK!"

HE WAS WEARING
GLOVES, LARS—I'M
GOING TO MAKE HIM
SHOW THAT HAND!

AY TANK NO BUCK, RIGHT
NOW LOCK HE BUD DRINKS
FOR TH' DOWN. AN' THEY
AIN'T NINE TOO FRIENDLY
TO YOU!



HERE COMES
THAT MESSAGE,
DOGIE!

WON, PETE! THEY'RE SHIPPIN' \$100,000
IN GOLD ON TH' 'FRISCO EXPRESS'!



FORN YOUR BRENN, PETE! WE GOTTA LET TH'
BOSS KNOW PRONTO!

MEANWHILE NEAR FIVE-MILE CROSSING TWO MEMBERS OF THE VIOLET GANG DO SOME FIRE TALKING.



HUM, PETE AND DOGIE SEEM TO
BE IN QUITE A HURRY—WONDER
WHAT THEY'RE UP TO NOW!

THE BOSS IS INSIDE,
DOGIE!



YOU CAUGHT
THE MESSAGE?

YEAH, LOCK!... THE 'FRISCO EXPRESS'
IS CARRYIN' \$100,000 GOLD SHIP-
MENT TONIGHT. AN' NO GUARDS
ONBOARD!



GOOD WORK, BOYS!—TELL TH' GANG WE'RE STOPPIN' THAT TRAIN
IN DEAD MAN'S GULCH TONIGHT!



THIS FITS RIGHT INTO
MY PLAN FOR FRAMIN'
SHERIFF BUCK JONES—
I'LL MAKE HIM
LOOK LIKE A
YELLOW COYOTE!

Continued Next Month

WASH TUBBS

By CRANE





Wash Tubbs

BY ROY CRANE



WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE



Continued Next Month

CRACKAJACK ONE PAGE THRILLERS



Midnight and the lights in Dan Dunn's office burned brightly. A huge sheaf of papers was strewn on the desk in front of the great detective. Dan looked up at Irwin Higgs, his assistant, who sat in a comfortable overstuffed chair puffing on a short stump of a cigar.

"Irwin," he said, "this master mind Cosmo Vippo is riding for a fall. He's becoming over confident and has a yen for publicity—wants his name in headlines!"

"Yeah, Dan. He's even starting to brand his jobs so the police will know for sure he did them!" Irwin reached across the desk and picked up a soiled calling card. "It's a picture of a bull, isn't it, Dan?"

"As near as I can make it out, Irwin. I'll admit it has me puzzled. . . ." The telephone bell interrupted him. "Answer that, Irwin."

Detective Higgs obeyed and said, "It's for you, Dan—says he's Cosmo Vippo!"

"COSMO VIPPO! . . . Here gimme that phone!" Detective Higgs held his hand over the transmitter for an instant. "Keep him talking. I'll try to trace that call!"

"Listen, closely," chided Vippo's voice over the wire. "You might be interested in knowing that my next job will be a little hold-up, Dunn . . . Mid City's Armored Truck Service . . . To be exact, truck number ten . . . Haw, haw, haw! I'd tell you the date but you detectives ought to have something to do—Haw, haw. . . ."

"Mighty nice of you to call me, Vippo," Dan stalled. "Don't mention it, Dunn," continued Vippo's voice. "I just didn't want it to be too much of a shock for you."

Dan looked up and saw Irwin standing in the doorway. "That call came from the Van Cortland estate, Dan. Gee, how could Vippo get access to that phone?"

"He didn't, Irwin. It's an old trick! Cosmo tapped into Van Cortland's line and dialed our number on a

lineman's portable phone. He's too foxy to be caught by a traced call! I'd give my right arm to know what date he intends to strike! We can't have a detail watch truck ten indefinitely."

"He's the cleverest crook in the country, Dan. I'll bet my star. . . ."

"That's it! STARS!" Dan shouted showing back his chair. "Cosmo Vippo is a nut on astrology! Let's see he was born in May. Get me a Horoscope for the zodiac sign Taurus. If my hunch is right Vippo has pulled his last job!"

Three days later Dan Dunn and Irwin Higgs sat in the front seat of a powerful moving van truck. Behind them in the van, nine armed officers with ready machine guns crouched. A block ahead the armored car was making it's usual run. Dan pulled over to the curb and parked as the armored car stopped in front of the Craig Electric Company. A few minutes later the guards emerged carrying heavy satchels and loaded them into the car, closing the steel doors behind them.

Irwin nudged Dan. "If I'm not crazy, Dan, those guards look mighty different to me!"

Dan did not answer but stepped on the gas. The armored car pulled away at the same instant, much faster than it had on previous stops.

"You're right, Irwin," Dan snapped, pressing harder on the throttle. "Cosmo must have waylaid the guards in that hallway. It would have been a slick job, but he can't get away now!"

A burst of machine gun fire shattered the windshield in front of them. Dan crouched low as his truck gained on the heavy armored car. It turned another corner. But the van drew along side. Then another salvo of bullets ripped through the detective's truck!

Dan gave the wheel a sudden wrench—there was a rending crash as the two machines grated together. For a moment Cosmo Vippo, at the wheel of the armored car, lost control, and it crashed into a lightpole.

"How on earth did you ever figure out what day Vippo planned that robbery, Dan?" asked Irwin later.

"You solved the mystery, Irwin! That picture on Vippo's card was the Zodiac sign of Taurus, and his record showed he was born in May, which comes under the sign of Taurus. His horoscope stated that his lucky days were the twelfth days of each month. When you said *Star* it was just as good as if Cosmo Vippo had told me the date!"







TIME MARCHES BACK

WITH
LOONEY LUKE

BY OLLÉ
THE TIME MACHINE IS A FAMOUS INVENTION OF LOONEY LUKE, WITH A SIMPLE TWIST OF THE DIAL IT CAN TRANSPORT HIM OVER THE SPAN OF YEARS INTO ANY AGE, THE DUTY DISTANT PAST OR THE MISTY MYSTERIOUS FUTURE.

THE
ADVENTURE
OF THE
TIME MACHINE



YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE WITH US IF YOU WISH, LOONEY

YEAH, BUT YOU HAVE TO GET SOME KIND OF A JOB TO EARN YOUR BOARD



MAYBE I COULD EARN A LIVING WITH MY FOUNTAIN PEN IF I COULD ONLY FIND SOME MORE INK.

I KNOW A TAD BET WHERE YOU CAN GET A LOT OF THAT BLACK STUFF



WELL, THAT DYE IS BLACK AS NIGHT AND GIVES A TERRIFIC FEEL

BOY, THAT'S THE DEEPEST DYE I EVER SAW



WE'LL CARRY A FEW PIGS UP TO THE HOUSE AND SET YOU UP IN BUSINESS

WE'LL HAVE TO GET SOMETHING TO USE FOR PAPER, TOO!



THE BARK OF THESE TREES WILL BE JUST THE THING FOR WRITING LETTERS AND MAKING SIGNS

THE MANHUMAN IS GOING TO BE YOUR PAL FOR LIFE, LOONEY



OUCH! WHO HIT ME WITH THAT PINEAPPLE!

GEE, LOONEY, I GUESS YOU WERE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE!

Continued Next Month

Don Winslow

OF THE NAVY

by
LIEUT. COMDR. F.V. MARTINEK, U.S.N.R.,
and LEON A. BERO TH

IN SENDING OUT
A RADIO WARNING
DON AND RED HAVE
DONE THEIR BIT TO
END THE CIVIL
WAR IN SPAIN

YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP,
CAPTAIN! IF YOU TRY TO LAND
YOUR ILLEGAL CARGO OF MUNITIONS
IN SPAIN NOW THE INTERNATIONAL
PATROL WILL NAIL YOU!

CAPTAIN! YOU'RE
NEEDED ON THE BRIDGE--
BAD WEATHER AHEAD!

SURE ENOUGH! DAY BREAK SHOWS THE OUTLAW
SHIP RUNNING INTO A DENSE BANK OF FOG

FOG! THAT'S IT!
THAT'S HOW I'LL
RUN THE BLOCKADE!!

GIMME THAT WHEEL!
I'LL STEER THIS TUB INTO
LAGUNA HARBOR BLIND!

BELOW DECKS DON AND RED ARE PRISONERS AGAIN

OW!

YANKEE DOGS!
THIS TIME YOU
DO NOT ESCAPE!

MY GOSH! RED--
WE'RE GOING FULL SPEED
THROUGH A "PEA SOUP" FOG!

AND WE'RE
NEARING THE
SPANISH COAST

SUDDENLY WARSHIPS' FOG SIGNALS SOUND DEAD
AHEAD - IT'S THE INTERNATIONAL PATROL!

TOOT
TOOT
TOOT
TOOT
TOOT
TOOT

TO BE CONTINUED

Don Winslowe

OF THE NAVY

LIEUT. COMDR. EV. MARTINEK, USNR,
and LEON A. BERO TH

THAT RASCALLY CAPTAIN'S TAKING US AT FULL SPEED THROUGH THIS DENSE FOG!

HE'S TRYING TO RUN THE BLOCKADE!

DEAD AHEAD A WAR-SHIP OF THE INTERNATIONAL PATROL KEEPS SOUNDING ITS FOG WARNING



BLAST THIS THICK WEATHER!

THAT OUTLAW MUNITIONS SHIP FROM NORTH AMERICA MAY GET PAST US --



LISTEN! SOUNDS LIKE A SHIP'S CUT-WATER OUT THERE!

YEAH -- AND IT'S COMING CLOSE ABOARD!



IT'S THE OUTLAWS!

AND WE CAN'T STOP EM!



WOW! WE'VE JUST PLOUGHED PAST THE BOW OF A WARSHIP! WE'VE RUN THE BLOCKADE!!



RAW! HAW! I MADE IT!

NOW LISTEN SHARP FOR THE FOG HORN OUTSIDE LAGUNA HARBOR



BUT THE FOG HORN IS SILENT -- SMASHED BY AN ENEMY SHELL!



UNWARNED, THE ARMS SHIP IS HEADING FOR DISASTER UPON THE ROCKY COAST OF SPAIN! WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT WEEK?



Don Winslow

OF THE NAVY

by LIEUT. COMDR. F. V. MARTINEK, USNR, and LEON A. BEROH

A JUST FATE OVER-TAKES THE WARMAKERS NO DEFENCELESS SPANARD WILL BE KILLED BY THIS SHIPLOAD OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION!

★B★
BLAST IT!
WE'RE ON
THE ROCKS!

INTO THE BOATS
GET MOVING!!



WHILE DOWN IN THE HULL OF THE ILL-FATED FREIGHTER, DON AND RED ARE TRAPPED IN THEIR CELL!



Continued Next Month

TOM MIX

and the
KIDNAPERS of
CHOLLA WASH

by JIM STEVENS

AFTER RUNNING DOWN THE RYDERGUARD RUMBLERS, TOM RECEIVES AN URGENT LETTER FROM HIS OLD FRIEND LANKY JONES

*Three dead & missing
Four going missing
Arizona*

Dear Tom,
I'm working for a square
shoter named Julius Fearn! He's
an insidel and can't afford to
hire enough cowhands to look
his crooked neighbors from
stealing his stock. He's a farm
to me, come on down I promise
you plenty of action!
Lanky Jones!



TOM MIX

and the
KIDNAPERS of
CHOLLA WASH

by JIM STEVENS



TOM MIX

and the
KIDNAPERS of
CHOLLA WASH
by JIM STEVENS



TOM MIX

and the
KIDNAPERS of
CHOLLA WASH
by
JIM
STEVENS





THE NEBBBS

BY SOL HESS



The NEBBS

By SOL HESS



Continued Next Month

Clyde Beatty

DARE DEVIL LION-TRAINER




CLYDE SLAMS THE GATE SHUT WITH A KICK JUST
AS HIS PARTNERS AND ATTENDANTS COME RUNNING.

Clyde Beatty

DARE DEVIL LION TRAINER




Clyde Beatty

DARE DEVIL LION-TRAINER



YOU CAN'T STAY MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES, GENTLEMEN, THE PATIENT HAS LOST A GREAT DEAL OF BLOOD!

WE PROMISE NOT TO EXCITE HIM, DOCTOR.

HE LOOKS AWFUL PALE!



THE NEXT DAY CLYDE'S FRIENDS GATHER AT HIS BEDSIDE. . . .

PS-S-S-S-ST! THAT SAWBONES DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I'M GOING TO BE BACK ON THE JOB IN THREE OR FOUR DAYS! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOSE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN BOOKINGS!

FORGET THE MONEY, CLYDE! YOU WON'T BE ON YOUR FEET FOR A MONTH.



HI SAY, MR. BEATTY! WHY CAWN'T HI TAKE YER PLACE FOR A WEEK? HI USED TO BE 'EAD TRAINER FOR OLD 'ACKENDECK BEFORE THE RHEUMATIZ STIFFENED ME JOINTS.

HUH? NOT THE WORLD FAMOUS HACKENDECK? WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!

HE'S JOKING!



YOU SAVED MY LIFE, COCKNEY! AND NOW YOU'VE SAVED MY LION ACT!

YOU SAVED ME FROM THAT BAD TIGER, MR. BEATTY!



TAKE IT EASY, CLYDE!

GIVE ME A WEEK AND I'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW! WE'LL BEAT MR. BEATTY! KING-FARNUM TO THOSE BOOKINGS YET!



THANKS TO YOU, COCKNEY, THE LION ACT GOES ON! NOW IF ONLY WE COULD FIND THE CRIMINAL WHO OPENED THAT TIGER'S CAGE. . . .

I CAN TELL YOU WHO DID IT, HE ... HE'S GOT A FUNNY FACE! YOU KNOW GRANDPA.



Clyde Beatty

DARE
DEVIL LION-TRAINER



Continued Next Month

APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR



OH DENNIE— I WISH— YOUR LEGS—
WERE— WELL— SO YOU— COULD
RUN— FAST— TER—

MY GOSH, I'M
GOIN SLOW, S0S YOU
KIN KEEP UP—
PUFF PUFF—

WHERE DID DENNIE
GO, PEGGY?

INTO TOWN,
TO DO SOME
DETECTIVE WORK.
HE'S CHECKING
UP ON MY UNCLE.



I'M HOPING THAT OLD
OGRE WILL GO BACK TO
HIS FARM BEFORE YOUR
MOTHER RETURNS. THINGS
WILL BE IN A NICE MESS
IF HE MEETS HER
BEFORE WE DO.



DID YOU FIND
OUT ANYTHING,
DENNIE?

I'LL SAY,
GRAN MA.
LISTEN—

PEGGY'S MOTHER IS
COMING BACK TOMORROW—

NOW
WONDERFUL—



AM PEGGY'S UNCLE, AN'
THE SHERIFF ARE WAITING
FOR HER. HE'S GONNA ACCUSE
HER OF HIRIN' US TO STEAL
PEGGY. LAUGH THAT OFF.



I HATE LEAVING MARY AND
DENNIE LIKE THIS, AFTER THEY'VE
BEEN SO NICE TO ME, BUT I'VE
CAUSED THEM ENOUGH TROUBLE
WITHOUT GETTING THEM INTO
ANY MORE.



IF I STAY, MY UNCLE WILL
HAVE THEM ARRESTED FOR
HELPING ME RUN AWAY
FROM HIS FARM, AND HE'LL
MAKE TROUBLE FOR MY
MOTHER, TOO.



MAYBE IF I GO BACK AND
WORK OUT THE REST OF THE
MONEY, MOTHER OWES
HIM, HE'LL BE SATISFIED
AND LEAVE MARY ALONE.



HE'LL BEAT ME FOR
RUNNING AWAY, AND I DON'T
MIND THAT— BUT— BUT— NOW
I'LL NEVER SEE MARY AND
DENNIE AGAIN.



STOP THAT! GET
OUT OF HERE!

DENNIE,
DENNIE, WAKE UP.

APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR

GOSH, GRAN'MA, I THOUGHT PEGGY'S MEAN OLD UNCLE WAS AFTER HER. I WAS HITTING HIM WITH A CLUB.

YOU ALMOST BASHED MY HEAD IN—

SAY, LOOK! PEGGY'S NOT HERE!

THE NOTE SAYS SHE'S GONE BACK TO HER UNCLE, TO KEEP HIM FROM HAVING US ARRESTED. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE A BURDEN TO US—

THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR BAWLIN', GRAN'MA. WE GOTTA BEAT IT INTO TOWN AND CATCH PEGGY FORE HER UNCLE GRABS HER.

PEGGY AND HER UNCLE LEFT HERE 'BOUT AN HOUR AGO.

WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO?

IF WE HURRY, GRAN'MA, WE CAN CATCH 'EM.

HERE WE ARE, BACK AT PEGGY'S UNCLE'S FARM. I'LL GO UP— AND BANG ON THE DOOR.

FOR PETE'S SAKE, GRAN'MA, DON'T DO THAT!

I'LL SHOW YOU I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM.

I DON'T THINK YOU ARE! HONEST I DON'T.

BUT IF HER UNCLE DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE AROUND, WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF HELPING PEGGY.

THAT'S RIGHT.

LOOK, SHE'S CRYING! IF I THOUGHT HE'D BEEN WHIPPING HER, I'D —

SHH

QUICK, GRAN'MA, I SAW PEGGY'S UNCLE DRIVING OFF IN HIS CAR. NOW'S OUR CHANCE. TO LET PEGGY KNOW WE'RE HERE.

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, PEGGY, IT'S MARY AND DENNIE.

MARY! OH, I'M SO GLAD! BUT—BUT—I CAN'T LET YOU IN. THE DOOR'S LOCKED.

WHY'S THE OLD DRAGON GOT YOU LOCKED UP?

HE'S AFRAID I'LL RUN AWAY AGAIN. AND I WILL, TOO.

WELL, IF WE CAN'T GO IN THROUGH THE DOOR, WE'LL GO IN THROUGH THE WINDOW. GIVE GRAN'MA A SHOVE, DENNIE.

BLOW OUT YOUR BREATH OR YOU'LL GET STUCK.

APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR

I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO LEAVE YOU HERE, AS LONG AS THAT LETTER YOU'RE DYING TO SEE IS LOCKED UP IN THE CLOSET — AND THE KEYS IN MY POCKET.



MARY-DENNIE — ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



SURE! IS YOUR UNCLE GONE? WE DON'T WANT HIM TO FIND US HERE.

HOW'LL YOU GET OUT?

DON'T WORRY, JUST KEEP YOUR EYE'S ON THE ROAD TO BE SURE HE'S NOT COMING BACK.



— WITH A HAIRPIN, AND THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT. I'VE GOT THAT LETTER, AND IT'S FROM — WHY — YOU'RE OUT!! YOUR MOTHER — BUT NOW — JUST LIKE WE THOUGHT.



QUICK, READ MY MOTHER'S LETTER, AND FIND OUT WHERE SHE IS, SO I CAN GO TO HER.



DON'T RUSH ME, PEGGY.

"DEAR BROTHER: I'LL SEND YOU THE MONEY WHEN I GET IT. PLEASE DON'T SPOIL THINGS BY BRINGING PEGGY HERE. JUST BE PATIENT, AND WE'LL ALL BE RICH."



WHY-A-SHE CAN'T SUPPORT YOU YET — AND WANTS YOU TO STAY HERE WITH YOUR UNCLE. WHAT DOES SHE SAY?



WHY, YOU UNGRATEFUL — BUT I HATE MY UNCLE — HE'S MEAN TO ME.



GIVE ME THAT LETTER!



I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME SNOOPIN' AROUND HERE. NOW GET OUT —



OH, YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH AN' COUNT FIFTY —

SURE, IT'S YOURS, BUT PEGGY'S MOTHER WROTE IT — I WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE IS. GIVE ME THAT LETTER. IT'S MINE.



NOT UNLESS YOU PAY ME FOR HER BOARD AND ROOM, AND THAT'LL BE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS. I'M TAKING PEGGY TO HER.



APPLE MARY AND DENNIE

BY MARTHA ORR



TOM TRAYLOR "G-MAN X32 "AGAINST THE SPY RING"

HAVING LOCATED THE HEADQUARTERS OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPY RING AT SABIN'S SANITARIUM, TOM TRAYLOR, WITH THE HELP OF YOUNG JIMMY GROVE IS TRYING TO RESCUE JIM'S FATHER. CAPTAIN GROVE BEFORE SPRINGING A TRAP THAT WILL NET THE ENTIRE ORGANIZATION, INCLUDING THE "BARON" THE RINGLEADER, WHO HAS BEEN PUT ASHORE BY A FOREIGN SUBMARINE.



TOM TRAYLOR "G-MAN" X 32



MEANWHILE TOM FIGHTS A LOOSING BATTLE WITH THE GIANT IGOR



TOM TRAYLOR "G-MAN" X 32

CRACKAJACK FUNNIES



Every Crackajack Funnies in Full Color

Continued on Next Page

TOM TRAYLOR "G-MAN" X 32



Continued Next Month

A BARREL OF FUN!



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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

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